

Hartford Republican

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

JO. B. ROGERS, Editor and Proprietor.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 15, 1892.

It is now Governor McKinley.

If there is any man in the world that is worthless to the community in which he lives it is the hard times croaker.

We are pleased to give our many readers this week a beautiful poem from the pen of Hartford's talented young poetess, Miss Lizzie Walker.

HON. WILLIAM MCKINLEY was last Monday inaugurated Governor of Ohio. The demonstration was the greatest ever tendered any Governor of the State.

REV. BUNTON, of the Methodist Conference, died Jan. 5. He was a man of considerable reputation in this part of the State as a preacher and an author.

A silk plush plant will now be transferred from England to Portland, Maine, and one more establishment for the employment of American labor will be ours.

MR. FRED BARUCH, Hartford's expert stenographer, prepared for us an excellent outline of the debate last Friday night at College Hall, but it is crowded out for want of space.

It takes a man with a great deal of cheek to say that the farmers' land and labor are worth less than half they were twenty years ago, but a desperate cause cares not for truth.

THE second term of Hartford College and Business Institute opens January 18, with very flattering prospects. For the young men and women of this part of the State it deserves to be the "seek no farther."

PRESIDENT HARRISON has appointed the Hon. William L. Day, of Frankfort, to succeed Gen. Bragg on the Interstate Commerce Commission. The appointment is a good one, as it will give to the country an efficient officer and to the administration a stronger hold on the public mind.

SOME folks can't bear to see the "hard-fisted yeomanry" or their champion fairly treated, much less complimented, without kicking. No wonder, when these same "hard-fisted" are represented by the motley crowd of "waifs," "non-descripts," "nobody's children," "misguided men" and "hobnobbers."

SPRINGER says no free coinage bill will pass either House of Congress this session. That means, if it means anything, that the Democracy will dodge the Free Silver issue, as they would like to do that of Free Trade, but their tactics are well understood and the people will hold the party to a strict accountability.

THE reception given to the survivors of the Old Hartford Literary Club of 1875 to 1879 at Col. and Mrs. John P. Barrett's on the evening of the 8th inst., was an event which, in point of literary taste, culinary elegance and social enjoyment, has had no equal in Hartford society since the time when this organization was at the height of its glory. Perhaps no similar organization in any country town in the State ever had so many brilliant lights as did the one of whose members this meeting was a reunion. There was the Hon. H. D. McHenry, a profound lawyer, statesman and politician of national reputation; his cultured wife, who under the name of Rosine, has thrilled with exquisite pleasure no many lovers of the beautiful in song; the Hon. E. C. Hubbard, whose bold qualities of mind and whose brilliant oratory won him an eminent place among the foremost men of the country; Dr. J. E. Pendleton, whose ability as a physician, surgeon and conversationalist is not excelled in the State; Mrs. Pendleton, whose beauty of thought and language would do honor to literary women of far greater pretensions; Col. and Mrs. Barrett, whose work with the pen has been very successful and very pleasing; Mrs. H. P. Taylor—then Miss Pendleton—whose sparkling wit, humor and poetry gave her a well-deserved popularity which few have possessed; Mrs. E. D. Walker, a most pleasing conversationalist and a lady eminent in her literary attainments; Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McIntyre, the former an able educator, the latter a highly refined and cultured lady; Mr. H. P. Taylor, a bright and modest young lawyer; Mrs. Nall, a literary star; the Hon. E. Dudley Walker, one of the leading criminal lawyers of the State, whose peculiar oratory, matchless logic and great magnetism few juries can resist. But space forbids the mentioning of others. Realizing in part the great work done by this organization whose members in the main have either passed on to the undiscovered country or else have moved far down the hillside of life, we feel prompted to say that Hartford's young people could do nothing more worthy than to organize a society similar to the one of long ago.

THE HERALD

Ripped up the Back by One of the Faithful.

HARTFORD, KY., Jan. 13, 1892. EDITORS REPUBLICAN:—Seeing a spirit of fairness manifested in the columns of your paper, I ask permission to say a word relating to the present Representative. Mr. Crow needs no apology offered for his position on the two committees. He did not place himself there, but the same spirit that prompted the contemptible, yes, damnable little slurs of that collar-marked sheet, the Herald, put him there.

There is a Democracy grand in its principles and elevating in its practice. It is useless to say that the Herald is as ignorant of this as it is of a certain one of the Ten Commandments. All the Democracy the Herald knows it gets from the Democratic Executive Committee, that branding pen of the party. It is one of the principles of the party to submit to a majority rule, yet this ugly bird would fowl its own nest because not enough men in the county saw fit to vote for the man put out by a Democratic caucus. It is much to be regretted that the grand old party has fallen into the hands of those who do not hesitate to flaunt its banner while perverting its principles. The farmers in Ohio county have submitted to a representation ground out by first one then the other of the old parties and have had no good results from either, notwithstanding the Herald's sweet toned praises of our "able Representative."

They demanded certain kind of legislation and the old parties told them 't would not be constitutional. Realizing that they were the soul of the constitution, they were forced out of the old lines to obtain their claims, not that they are not as good Democrats as they were when they voted for Cleveland, but because the Star Chamber could not brook a demand from the people. "Tis theirs to do and die."

Now if the Herald had learned Democratic principles and had advocated them for these many years that it has been putting in its best work for the Star Chamber, the people of Ohio county would have been represented by a Democrat to-day. A majority of the people of the county have grown tired of 20 or 30 men putting out a candidate and gauging their Democracy. They have waited for the promised relief, all in vain.

Let the Herald but advocate pure Democracy and the people will feel that a victory has been gained greater than the capture of two cities.

That old scab, the Democratic Executive Committee, will hide its deformed head and the bright rays of the glorious sun of liberty will again beam down upon a happy people.

JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRAT.

Protection in a Nutshell. The New York World says: "If the McKinley act does not raise prices, it is of no practical use, either to the manufacturer or the wage earner."

To which The San Francisco Chronicle replies in homely phraseology: "When a farmer builds a fence around his fields it does not follow that he expects the act to result in an increased crop of grass, but there is a reasonable presumption that if he keeps the gate closed his animals will have more to eat than if he allowed all his neighbors' cows and horses the freedom of his pasture."

BEDA, KY.

There are so many of our citizens that are on the sick list this week that we cannot begin to name them all in this article, but nearly all have the grip.

The grip has nearly depopulated the schools in this community.

LOUIS XIV.

TOWN TATTLER.

A prominent literary lady, of Hartford, says she thinks there is not much sense in poetry, and you may spell the "sense" any way you wish. But the Tattler contends that from her gifted pen, in every sense, it may be centless, but in no sense, has it been senseless.

The Holiness Band meets regularly Monday evenings; the Ladies Aid Society on Tuesday evenings and the Progressive Euchre Party on Tuesday nights. Admission free, and visitors desired to the two former, but the Tattler is unable to state the price or qualification necessary for entrance into the latter.

A young attorney and a young merchant, of Hartford, recently took a two days' hunt, in which they succeeded in killing seventy-five (?) squirrels, at least, they say they did, and of course nobody doubts it, nor will anyone even be so unkind as to intimate, in the slightest degree, that this squirrel story possesses any characteristic that could at all be termed "fishy."

On the next evening after the Dickens Reception, four of Hartford's bewitching members of the gentle sex, who are about entering their teens, were standing in front of the Bank, talking in an undertone, such a one as only a female can command, when the Tattler chanced to pass by

and overheard the following: "We will invite the boys and then go around after them." It is easy to surmise what all the intense interest meant. These coming belles, like their older sisters, had felt the inspiring impulse of a glad leap year, and were arranging to proceed accordingly.

One of the great Louisville dailies recently spoke of Capt. S. K. Cox, our esteemed townsman, as "a prominent politician." The Captain disagrees, and says if there is anything he isn't, it is a politician. It may be that he is taking a rest from politics here of late, but the time was in the political history of Ohio county when the man who dared to cross his path was unmercifully snowed under, as men of more than one party can testify.

An unsophisticated youth the other day strolled into a Hartford printing office, and chancing to run across a book, which, forty years ago, served as the face of a trap-door printing-press, he exclaimed with ecstasy: "Oh, you have a Bible in here!" and immediately the devil spat upon him, and said: "Thou fool, knowest thou not that I rule this roost? But if thou wilt find one copy of the book you named in a newspaper office on this earth, I'll excuse you from the visit you owe me in the hereafter," and the youth departed on his vain search.

When one is on the lookout for funny things, there are always incidents happening that would cause a smile to play across the countenance of the most sanctimonious. A few days since, while the streets were very slippery, one of Hartford's gallant young men, in order to be very polite when he was about to meet his best girl, doffed his hat, and at the same time struck a slick place on the pavement, and his feet slipped, throwing him to the walk beside her. He arose quickly, and walked away, muttering to himself, "Oh, that I had died when I was an infant."

The dulle stood on the slippery street, Where all but he had fled; And waited there with freezing feet, To greet some passing belle.

The elect fell on, and still he stood, Till near the close of day— That maiden fair, to shun the dulle, Had gone another way.

He sighed aloud and sucked his cane, And then began to freeze; He knew not that the maid had passed, And together knocked his knees.

"Come, dudine, come," again he sighed, "For I will soon be gone!" And but the pelted sleet replied, And fast his knees knocked on.

Upon his back he felt the sleet, And in his tangled hair; And kicked the lamp-post with his feet, In still yet wild despair.

He sighed but once again aloud, "My dudine, must I stay?" When toward him fast—he scraped and bowed— The dudine made her way.

She saw the dulle with rapture wild; He tipped his hat up high, And then a ghastly smile he smiled, As though with love he'd died.

Then up he slipped—a thudding sound— The dulle, oh, where was he? Ask of his friends that gathered round The fragments for to see.

With cane and hat and tangled hair, That there were used so rude; The funniest thing that happened there Was gathering up that dulle.

Dental Notice.

It is my good pleasure to announce to the public that I have taken rooms over the Beaver Dam Bank and now have the most elegant and best furnished dental office in this part of the Green River country. First-class work at reasonable prices. In my office from the 1st to the 15th of each month. Sensibly thankful for past patronage and respectfully soliciting a continuance of same, I am Yours truly, W. T. MCKENNEY, Dentist, Beaver Dam, Ky.

Notice of Disolution. The partnership heretofore existing between C. M. Barnett and E. V. Milligan under the firm name Barnett & Milligan, publishers of the Hartford REPUBLICAN, is dissolved, E. V. Milligan having sold half interest in said paper to Jo. B. Rogers.

C. M. BARNETT, E. V. MILLIGAN.

Miller-Felix.

Mr. G. W. Miller, Horse Branch, and Miss Lizzie Felix, Olton, were married at 3 o'clock p. m., on last Tuesday. Mr. Miller is one of Ohio county's best young men, and is a prominent teacher. Miss Felix is a lady of rare worth and intelligence and is also a teacher. The REPUBLICAN extends congratulations and wishes them a bright and happy future.

Notice.

To whom it may concern:—This is to state that the firm of Carson & Morton has been dissolved. I having sold to T. J. Morton my entire one-half interest in the general grocery store on Market street. Mr. Morton will settle all the firm's business. Those knowing themselves indebted to the firm will please call on him at once and settle same. Respectfully, J. H. B. CARSON.

An "Outsiders" View of Hartford

Read by Col. Barrett At the Reunion of the Hartford Literary Club, Friday Evening, January 8th, 1892.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Jan. 1892. Col. John P. Barrett, Hartford, Ky.

MY DEAR SIR:—By the merest accident I heard of the entertainment tendered by you and wife to the surviving members of a former Literary Society, that existed in your town, some years ago, known as the Hartford Literary Club, to be given on the evening of the 8th inst. I had the pleasure of being an invited guest, and being present upon one occasion, when you and wife entertained the Club members in the spacious parlors of the Hartford House, while said organization was in existence, and heard that edition of their paper read, and to say that I was charmingly entertained does not begin to express my feelings. I was surprised at the depth of thought in some, the literary brilliancy of others, and the scientific, artistic and poetic tastes of still other contributors in a little inland town like Hartford. I enjoyed the evening so well that its impressions will be vivid on memory's tablet while life shall last.

If you will not regard me as an intruder and you feel that what I have to say has sufficient merit, you are at liberty to read it to your charming circle on the evening of your entertainment.

I was, when I attended the Club meeting referred to, somewhat acquainted with Hartford, and am convinced that in the intelligence, refinement and elegance of her citizens, she is not surpassed by any town, anywhere, of like size, circumstances and surroundings.

Your professional men have been far above the average of similar towns, many of them having risen to such eminence that they are worthy of special mention.

There was the gifted and lamented Hon. Henry D. McHenry, who was very successful as a lawyer.

Our impressions are that his success was in a great measure due to the facts, first, that he was by nature, endowed with a fine legal mind. Second, that he was a student at law under the old rigid, regular, thorough course in existence before the late war and last, but not least, but greater than all else, he was a fair and honest lawyer, and never contended for rulings and verdicts that his better judgment told him were wrong. The result being that when he did earnestly contend for instructions or findings, his words had great weight with judges and juries. He was also quite successful as a politician, having risen to the prominence of a National Legislator.

One of the highest compliments that could be paid any politician outside of the chief magistracy was bestowed on him in the appointment as one of the Democratic National Executive Committee, a position he held for several years prior to his death. I also understand that Mr. McHenry was quite successful in financial and commercial fields.

Then there was the Hon. E. Dudley Walker. He has been prominent politically, is the equal of any barrister in the State, as a general practitioner and as a criminal lawyer he has but few equals anywhere.

There was the Hon. E. C. Hubbard, who was a member of your Club. He was a forcible and able advocate before the courts and juries, had fine literary attainments, was an effective political speaker and but for his untimely death would no doubt have climbed to the topmost round of the ladder of fame.

Judge W. F. Gregory, now deceased, an acquaintance of mine, was a member of your Club, and was one of the very best equity lawyers I ever knew.

There are others I could favorably mention but space forbids, but will add that your lawyers are far above the average of towns of the size of Hartford.

Then your town is and has for years been noted for its eminent physicians, one of whom, Dr. John E. Pendleton, is the recognized equal of the best and ablest physicians and surgeons in the State.

Your town too, has one of the best arranged and most comfortable college buildings in the State. You have been quite fortunate too, in having it presided over and conducted for several years past by that able and efficient instructor, Prof. Wayland Alexander, Ph. D. Under his management the school has been a complete success, and best of all, I understand that every child living in your town gets a thorough collegiate course free of any charge, all expenses being made by your taxpayers.

I must not forget the Hartford Herald, which, for many years, has been and is still regarded as one of the very best local papers in the State.

I am not so familiar with your other local paper, but when in your city recently, I learned that one of the brightest, ablest, and most energetic of your young men had taken editorial

charge of it and I predict a brilliant and a successful future for the Hartford REPUBLICAN, under the management of Jo. B. Rogers.

Hartford has had, and still has, many ladies and gentlemen of rare literary attainments.

Years since, I, by chance, procured a volume of the poems, published from the artistic pen of "Rosine," and appreciated and enjoyed them very much.

Mrs. Emily Nall, deceased, mother of Mrs. J. E. Pendleton, and also of our honored citizen, I. B. Nall, of the Farmer's Home Journal, was a member of your Club. I understand she was one of the most brilliant literary stars that ever shed effulgent rays over an organization of that kind.

I will not have time or space to refer to all your citizens that merit special mention, but cannot afford to close this communication until I allude to one other.

You have in your town, a beautiful, intellectual, cultured and refined young lady, gifted with rare poetic genius. I mean of course, none other than Miss Lizzie Walker. I have a slight acquaintance with the young lady and have read a few of her several poetic productions and have been charmed and edified thereby. Their frequent reading has induced me to send the young lady the following rhetorical queries:

Dost thou love the queen of heaven When she sheds her orient beam, Silver-lining all the mountains, And the sweet, pellucid stream?

Dost thou love the radiant day star, When with occidental rays, He bids us all a pleasant good night, At close of an autumnal day?

Dost thou love the stars that twinkle, In the deep blue vault of heaven, As they come like shining diamonds, O'er us in the quiet even?

Dost thou love the rugged mountains, With lofty peaks of grayish hue, That rise so high, they seem to be Supporters of the azure blue?

Dost thou love the clouds that nestle In the West with crimson dye, When the day is swiftly fading From the land, and sea, and sky?

Dost thou love the deep blue ocean, When the storm-waves over it ride, Rolling, surging, madly onward, No earthly power can stay their tide?

Dost thou love the storms darkening, And the lightning's glancing wing, And the thunder peals that hoarsely, Through the rocky valleys ring?

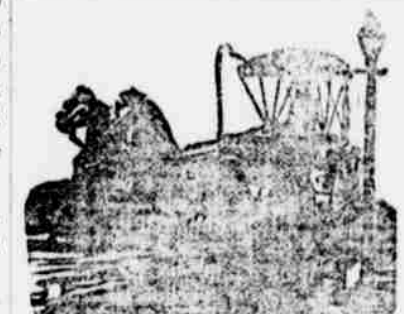
Dost thou love the dews of springtime, When they ope their tiny leaves, At the touch of April sunshine, While the South wind softly breathes?

Yes, I know thy spirit loveth The grand and beautiful of earth, For within thy soul poetic, Thoughts sublime, have golden birth.

Nature hath a silent language, Deep and radiantly divine, And to be her true interpreter, This wondrous gift, fair one, is thine.

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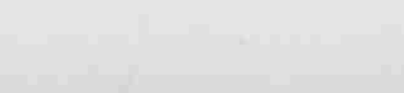
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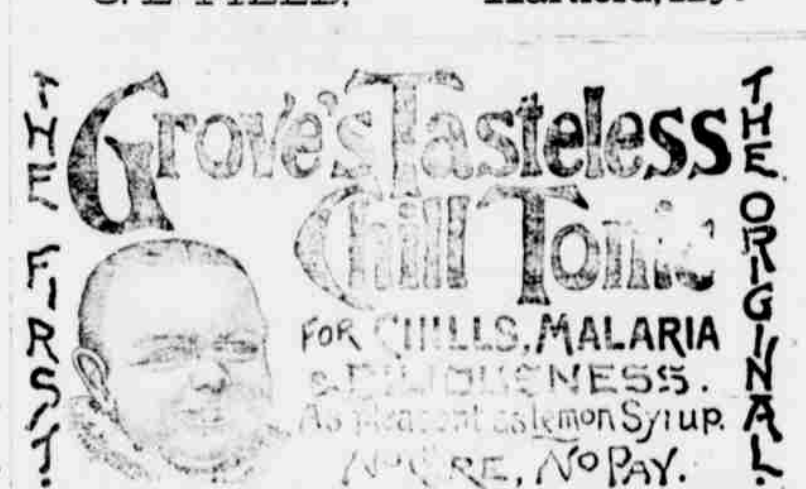
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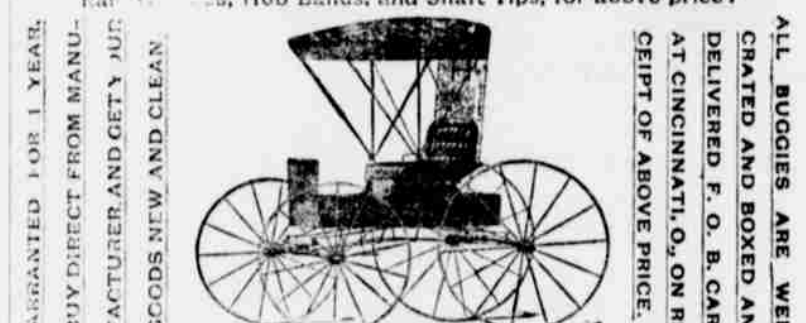
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